

Lachrimae

ALLEN STROUS

The man whose tears are often,
out of nowhere

the open-up
breakdown,

his face open, falling apart,
nothing there that faces now,

doing what he is not supposed to do,
public, though unblazoned—

it is so public, this private,
or less than private, not supposed to,

so fixed in that,
this unfixed

of letting go,
going on

not supposed to go on,
these hurt feelings, say,
so trivial
and irremediable,

or nothing,
out of nowhere,

just crying.
It underlies—

he rides this underground,
level of this well,

the trite and overwhelming snow globe
starting out like this,

stir of emotion, littlesentimental,
then the little storm

of nothing, still,
opens out and out,

out of infinite sky,
wail, an infinite,

the snow globe going on
smashed open,

all the vulnerable.
And he looks ridiculous.